

Summer Puts Its Best Foot Forward.

THE style in shoes has been affected by our busy lives. The walking shoe has taken unto itself a far lower and far more sensible heel, a heel on which one can stand to do Red Cross work with comfort. For general wear a shoe in a dark tan shade, or in black, with this flat heel is particularly smart.—Good Housekeeping.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Lilian Plunges Her Hand Under the Pillow and Ascertains That Her Jewels Are Safe.

Part One—(Continued)

The woman misunderstood her. Thinking, naturally, that Lilian spoke from a sense of resentment. She sighed.

"He is not altogether a bad man," she said. "He has always been good to me and to the child. But he resists temptation. He sees your brooch yesterday; he makes me tell you that you have jewels in your room. I know he means to steal them, but I think not he hurt you."

"He came upon me with a long knife," said Lilian indignantly. "I only just contrived to escape. He washed the bed three times, thinking I was in it. He is a murderer and a thief."

The wife sighed again. "Ach, my poor man," she repeated. "I resist not temptation." She made no attempt to express regret for what had happened. "Haf he taken your things?" she asked with a touch of curiosity.

Her Jewels Safe.

Lilian plunged her hand under the pillow and ascertained that her jewelry was secure. Then she made a move as if to go to the door.

"As you say, I am not badly hurt," she said. "This wound will heal quickly and I can attend to it myself now. I fainted—which was weak and silly of me. I will get up at once, and I must go as soon as I am ready."

"You will go?" cried the woman in alarm.

"Do you think I will stay here after what has happened?" cried Lilian.

"Ach, but you will not go to the police? You will not haf me husband put in prison?"

"No, you need not be alarmed. I shall not say a word. But I must go—and at once."

For a moment Lilian felt that she ought to explain to this woman something of the truth; then she decided that it was best to leave her in her present state of ignorance. She must ascertain first what action Von Geldenstein proposed to take now that he knew everything.

The woman seemed very much disposed to prevent Lilian's departure, afraid, doubtless, that in spite of her word she contemplated laying the facts before the police. She placed every obstacle of which she could think in Lilian's way, but all in vain.

By 9 o'clock Lilian was ready. She had dressed her wound as well as she could, and it was wholly concealed by her hat. She was suffering from a splitting headache, but that was a natural consequence of the night's adventure and had to be endured. She had put on her own clothes, and once more the mackintosh came in useful.

"You may keep these," she said to Rebecca, indicating the clothes, which she had laid out.

In the front room she took an affectionate farewell of the children, with whom she was on the best of terms. As she was doing so there came a violent knocking at the front door. Mrs. Meyer ran to the window and gazed out.

After a moment she turned.

"The police!" she cried, throwing up her arms in despair and despondency.

CHAPTER CII.

The Force of Heredity.

"The police?" In her turn Lilian sprang to the window. Two men, both of them in uniform, one being an inspector, stood at the door clamoring for admission. What had happened? What did this visitation betoken?

Rebecca stood wringing her hands despairingly. "Mean, mean!" she wailed. "Vot haf he done? Vot become of us?"

The children, hardly understanding, but feeling their mother's grief, burst into sympathetic lament. They had heard the word "police," and recognized the advent of their traditional "bogey."

"You must open the door," said Lilian, as the knocking was repeated with renewed violence. "Come, Mrs. Meyer, we must learn what has happened to your husband."

She led the way down the stairs. At the door she drew back to allow the mistress of the house to open it.

Good morning, Mrs. Meyer, said the Inspector, with gruff good humor. "You're not in a hurry to open shop today, and I don't care about waiting outside in the rain. What's up?"

He suddenly noticed her tear-stained face.

"Mein husband—haf you not come about him?"

"Yes, I want to see him most particularly. Where is he?"

The wife gasped and dried her eyes. Evidently the police had brought her no evil tidings. Lilian, too, breathed again.

The two men entered the shop. "We've come in search of Mr. Meyer," said the inspector. "It has only just come to our knowledge that he is here. The last time I had the pleasure of a chat with you your husband had gone away—you did not know where."

"An' he haf been gone away again now. He go a way in the night. It is for dat I fear ven I see you. I tink somethin' has happened to him." A look of relief crossed her face. "Vat you vant him?" she asked.

Warrant for Arrest.

"I have a warrant for his arrest," "Gott in himmelf. Vat for?"

"He is wanted on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Conway Franks a month ago. We have been attempting to trace him, but he has eluded us. Now, I know that he was in this house yesterday, for he was seen last

night by one of our men."

Mrs. Meyer began to weep again. "He not a murderer, mein husband," she wailed. "Ach, nein; not dat. Vot for you suspect him?" She turned savagely upon the inspector.

"It is known that he was near the scene of the murder at the time it was committed. Franks sold you a good many things that day. You've been over that ground before—you and I—and your husband knew that he had his pockets full of gold. We merely wish to ask Mr. Meyer a few questions at the station; if he answers them satisfactorily, he won't be detained long. If he's not guilty, he'll be all right. So if he's here, Mrs. Meyer, fetch him down, and let's get the job over."

"But I tell you again he is not here. He go away in the night—I know not where. The woman speak—through her tears—with angry insistence."

"Then by your leave—or without it—we will search the house," said the inspector shortly. "I also propose to turn over your stock-in-trade, Mrs. Meyer, to convince myself that none of the articles taken from Franks' body have found their way here. You have a fine and varied collection of buttons in your shop window, and I see there are curiosities of all sorts. Perhaps we may come across a gold nugget set in a pin. Anyway, we are going to have a look."

"You may search vat you like and vere you like," said the woman, sullenly. "I tell you dat you find nothing."

Would Find No Evidence.

The search was in full progress when Lilian took her departure from the house. She knew—no one better—that the police would neither find Von Geldenstein nor any incriminating evidence against him. Purse, buttons, nugget, lay secure in the last place any one would think of searching for them.

As soon as she could find one Lilian took a cab and drove to the home of her employer. It was with considerable trepidation that she rang the bell at the millionaire's house, for she had grave doubts as to his return. In his excited state of mind he might have been capable of any act of folly.

"Is Mr. Von Geldenstein at home?" she asked of the grave-funking who opened the door to her.

The man's expression was stolid. He evinced no surprise at the question. Everything appeared as usual in the house.

"Yes, madam. He returned this morning. He is in his study. Miss Von Geldenstein is in the morning room."

Lilian breathed a sigh of relief. In the morning room she found Miss Rachel complacently poring over the paper. The breakfast things had just been removed.

"Ah, I thought you would come soon after," said the lady, rising and greeting Lilian with some warmth. "We have followed him and kept your eye upon him these days—is not that so?"

He returned this morning just as I sat down to breakfast. He would not take breakfast, but went straight to his study." Rachel evinced no particular curiosity to know where her brother had been. She always maintained that it was none of her business, and for years she had been accustomed to these periodical disappearances. To her there was nothing new in the events of the past few days. Her brother had been away and had returned as usual; that was all.

Refusing the suggestion of breakfast, Lilian made her way to the study. She tapped gently at the door. To her first knock there was no answer, so she tapped again, this time more loudly.

Door Finally Opens.

Von Geldenstein himself opened the door to her. He was dressed in his ordinary clothes, but the expression on his face was rather that of the criminal than that of the millionaire. He was intensely pale, and his eyes expressed suffering. His shoulders were still bowed and rounded, as she had lately been accustomed to see them.

"Come in." His voice sounded hollow and unnatural. He stretched out a bony hand—it was strange that his hand never before appeared thin and bony to Lilian—and gripped her by the arm. So he had seized her in the early hours of that morning, when he had gradually appreciated the truth of his double identity. "Come in," he repeated, and drew her into the study. Then he locked the door and confronted her.

He had been writing at his desk. Sheets of manuscript lay about in unwonted disorder. Lilian noticed, too, that the safe was open, and then, with a shudder, she saw that he had taken the objects which had belonged to the murdered man. Franks. They were heaped together upon a chair.

It was very cold in the room, for the stove had never been lit. The rain had never ceased to fall; it still beat pitilessly down upon the corrugated iron roofing of the veranda, and dripped with dreary, monotonous sound upon the wooden balustrade. The same was exactly the same as that to which Lilian had listened during the night.

"What do you think of me?" asked he, hoarsely. He stood before her, and it was as if the large, coarse body of Von Geldenstein had shrunk and assimilated itself into the cowering shape of the man of South Street.

"Are you Von Geldenstein or—?" began Lilian.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Are You Reading "The Wolves of New York?" a Thrilling Story of Love

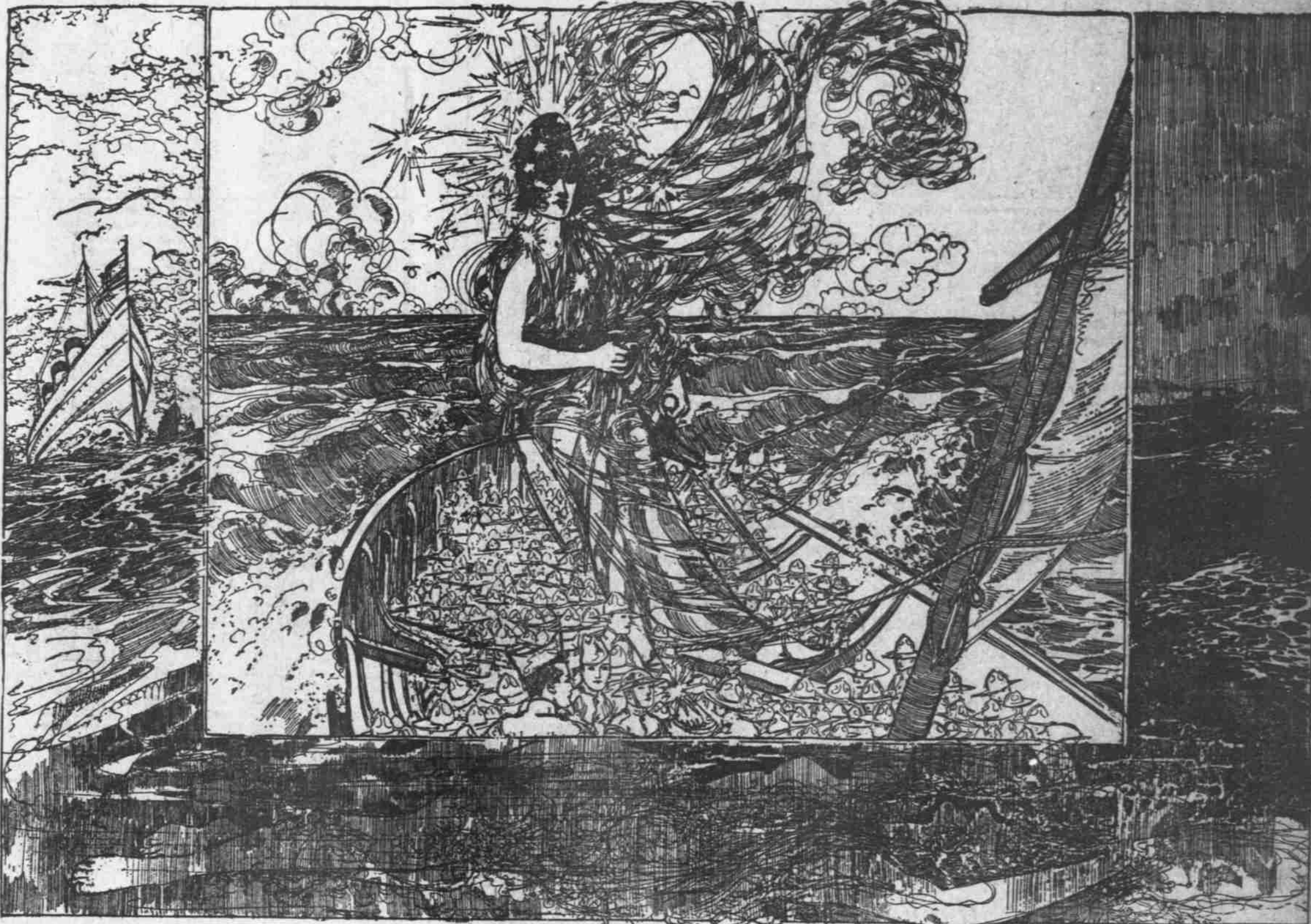


Magazine Page



Sea, Lie Still

Columbia's Ship is on the Wave

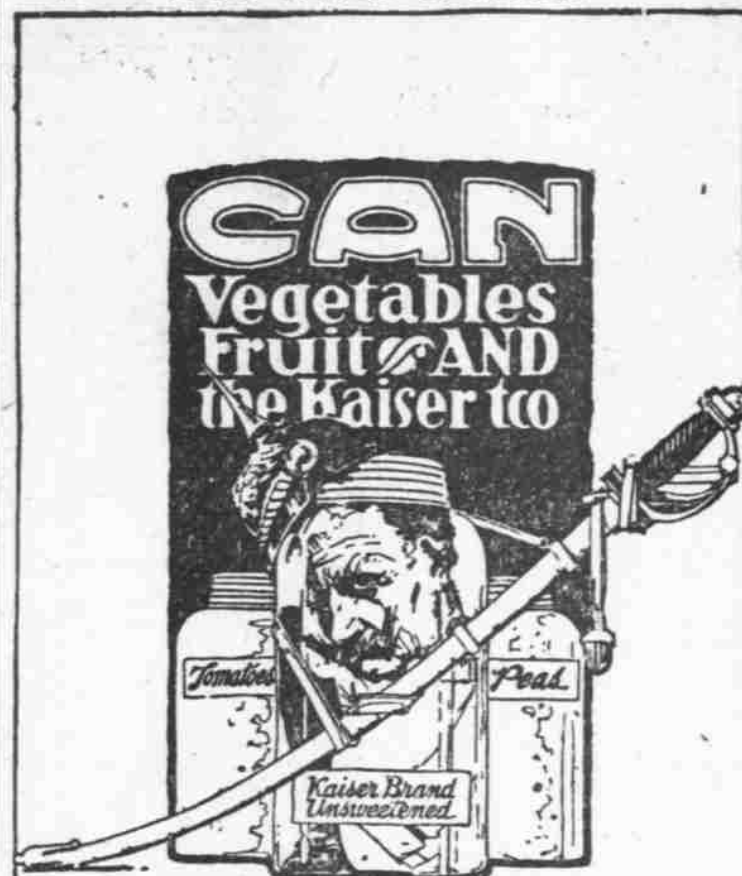


"More than one million American soldier boys are now in France."

SEA, white sea-woman with the green floating hair and the cold hands, lie still and sleep and dream on the deep sea floor, in your althorby bed of smooth, green seaweed, laid thick on coral and shell. Lie still and breathe softly, so the fathoms of green water that lie above you, between us and La Belle France and Merrie England, may be calm. For over the sea-bosom, suspended high in thin, madcap, uncertain water, riding the Flood, our troopships gather way, innumerable! And on board they carry our hearts along with smiling, singing, talented boys—our "knights without fear and without reproach!" Clutch in your conch-shell pink fingers, if you should see one, the Hun's tin devil-fish! In your fingers that can grip with so terrible a rage, so cold, so hard! But sleep and dream for us. Keep a quiet bosom and gently waving hands, and lift not even your mermaid knee, so the sea may dimple and smile, and never boil above you.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Times Readers May Get Canning Book Where They See This Poster



With the aim of serving its women readers The Washington Times offers to every housewife a free canning book to help them save every ounce of fruit and vegetable that they possibly can. This applies particularly to the war gardeners whose crop this year in the District is estimated at \$900,000.

"Can the Kaiser" posters have been put up in 200 convenient places where Washington Times readers can go and get this book which is being offered by The Times with the cooperation of the National War Garden Commission. You may call at The Times offices or at any of the locations where The Times has placed these canning books to be given out on request.

Importance of saving all the war

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Simple Matter.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am writing to consult you about a young man who works in an office adjoining mine who is attentive to me, but whom I have never met. I seem to run into him everywhere, and it is very annoying. Now I do not like this man, but I do not wish to hurt his feelings by being too abrupt with him.

TREAT this man as you would any other stranger, and if you meet him through an introduction treat him politely. He will soon see that you do not care for his attentions and if he is a gentleman will leave you alone.

Will the Sun Explode?

Is our sun in danger of blowing up? Scientists say that it is. All suns, they tell us, shrink as they cool externally, and ours has been cooling and shrinking for untold myriads of millions of years.

There was a time when the sun was big enough to fill up all the space clear to where our earth now is, and further. To-day it is ninety-three millions of miles distant from us, owing to its having shrunk so enormously.

But as it shrinks and cools externally, so does the heat of the interior core increase with the pressure brought to bear on it. Some day this pressure will become too great to be borne any longer, and the sun will explode.

There will then be no longer any sun, but in its place an inconceivably enormous mass of superheated incandescent gas, a white-hot fire that will reach to the extreme limits of the present solar system.

Caught in this flaming maelstrom our earth will flash once like a bursting shell and disappear, reduced to nothingness in an instant. But, thank goodness, that won't happen in our time!

A FISH WORTH TRYING

Have you ever tried gray fish? The Department of Commerce recommends it as cheap and nutritious. It is rich, wholesome and generally excellent, and the variety of ways in which it may be served will make it an important addition to the country's diet. Here are a few recipes. Try them.

GRAYFISH HASH.

One can grayfish; 1 pint boiled potatoes, in small pieces; 1 teaspoonful butter; salt and pepper.

Flake the fish and mix with the other ingredients. Place in a buttered frying pan and stir until thoroughly heated throughout, then leave long enough to brown on the bottom. Turn out on a platter, brown side up.

SCALLOPED GRAYFISH.

One can grayfish, 1 cup stale bread crumbs broken into small pieces, or 1 cup boiled rice, 2 tablespoons butter or finely chopped salt pork, rendered out, or other cooking fat, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped sour pickle, few grains cayenne pepper.

Into a baking dish put a layer of bread crumbs or rice. Spread over it a small amount of chopped pickle, onion and fat. Add a layer of fish and another layer of crumbs or rice, and so on. Reserve about half the fat for a final layer of bread crumbs on top of the dish. Bake until the crumbs are brown.

GRAYFISH LOAF.

One can grayfish, 1 cup cracker crumbs, 1 egg, two-thirds cup of milk, paprika and salt. Flake the grayfish, mix with the cracker crumbs and the egg, well beaten, and season to taste. Bake for fifteen minutes in a buttered dish.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the famous duel in 1804 between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, in which the former was mortally wounded. The encounter took place in Weehawken, N. J., and Hamilton, it is said, discharged his pistol in the air. Burr fled and never outlived the stigma of the deed.

By NELL BRINKLEY

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Puss in Boots Jr.

AN INTERESTING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

PUSS JUNIOR and his little friend, the Gnome King, traveled on and on until they found themselves at the foot of a high, round hill. At one side of the great mound the stream which they had been following suddenly stopped short, making a deep well, over which hung an old oak tree.

Right at the foot of this tree was an upright gray stone, part of a rock deeply sunk in the hillside. Here the Gnome paused, and, turning to smile reassuringly at Puss, picked up a pebble about the size of an acorn and dropped it into the well, at the same time knocking gently on the flat stone.

In a moment the rock opened in the middle, and there stood a little old woman, as withered as a Spring apple and as bright as a butterfly, dressed in a scarlet bodice covered with spangles and a black petticoat.

On seeing the Gnome she made a low bow and in a shrill, eager voice invited them in. Puss hesitated, but the little old woman matched his paw and pulled him in, asking in a whisper, "Dost thou fear for thyself when in the company of the King of the Gnomes?" Then, opening a low door in the side of the cavern, she beckoned them to follow.

In the middle of a still larger room stood an armchair, fashioned from beryl and jasper, with knobs of amethyst and topaz. Toward this the Gnome walked, while the old woman brought forth a robe of velvet, green and soft as forest moss, and placing a ring of rough gold on his head, she held up the train of his royal robe while he sat himself down in his chair of state.

After making another low reverence to the Gnome King, she handed the little monarch his sceptre, which was a tall balm of gold.

Leaning forward, he touched her on the head with it, when to Puss Junior's astonishment she turned into a beautiful bluebird.

"Hereafter," said the Gnome King, looking kindly at Puss, "this bird shall be your companion and will show you many and curious things. I can spare no more time, for my people must be governed, but because of your great fondness for fairy tales I now leave you in the care of this bluebird. Unless, perchance, you wish to return to your father." But Puss answered eagerly that he would rather see more

of Gnomeland, and so would I and so would you, I'm sure.

"Good luck to you!" cried the Gnome King, as he shook hands with Puss, and then the door opened, and Puss found himself once more by the side of the great flat stone in the hillside, where the rippling waters of the little stream flowed into the pool at the foot of the great oak tree.

And in the next story you shall hear how Puss met an ugly little dwarf.

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Town Built of Glass.

Kelberg, near Cracow, is a town which is located underground and is cut entirely from rock salt. There are 3,000 inhabitants, all workers in the salt mines, and all the houses and streets are of the purest white.

There is probably in all the world only one town built of glass, and that is to be found near Yellowstone Park in the United States. The glass is not artificial, but natural, being formed by ages of volcanic action. It is dark green or black in hue, but in every other respect resembles the artificial product.

Easily cut into slabs and impervious to the weather, it makes excellent building material.

Bareira, in Portuguese East Africa, is the only zinc city in existence. Zinc is the only material capable of withstanding the peculiar climate. It only took some thousands of people who make up the population six months to build the place. Hospital, church, arsenal, and every dwelling is of zinc; the dead are buried in zinc coffins, and even most of the railway cars are of zinc throughout.

Prosperity of Morocco.

The progress made in Morocco during the last three years, in spite of the war, has been extraordinary. The trade, which was practically monopolized by Germany before the war, has now passed largely to France, who has spent vast sums on the restoration and improvement of Moroccan towns and rural districts. Under the direction of General Lyautey, good quarters, new roads, and bridges have sprung up, where formerly only a wilderness existed. The railway is another recent addition to the Moroccan landscape.